We embarked at ten to set sail at six next morning, nobody but myself bestowing a thought upon the possibility of any danger; but I have been taught so severe a lesson that it is never out of my mind, and I calculated that our captain and everybody on board were strangers to these seas, and not very well provided with good charts; besides, the being in constant sight of land is apt to betray one into a dangerous security, and to make one steer by the eye rather than by good astronomical and nautical combinations.

We reached St. Thomas for dinner, and spent the day with some friends ashore.

On Monday, by daybreak, we were under way, after weathering the east point of St. Croix and St. John's. About noon, Tuesday, we were close in with the south side of Virgin Gorda, or Spanish Town Island.

After an immense deal of tacking, about a quarter before midnight, the ship struck upon a horse-shoe reef, which extends a vast way east from the island of Anegada, but shows no mark above water, whereby its shallow, rocky bottom can be known.

We were all awakened with the

shock; some thought it was an earthquake. I felt very little emotion, but dressed myself and came on deck,